

SUFFERED SEVEN LONG YEARS

Finally Relieved by taking
**Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound**

Ravenswood, W. Va.—"For seven long years I suffered from a female trouble and inflammation so that I was not able to do my housework. I consulted several doctors but none seemed to give me relief. I read in a paper about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound so I decided to try it, and before the first bottle was gone I found great relief so I continued using it until I had taken eight bottles. Now I am very well and can do my own housework. I can gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine to suffering women."—Mrs. BERTHA LIERING, R. F. D., Ravenswood, W. Va.

The ordinary day of most housewives is a ceaseless treadmill of washing, cooking, cleaning, mending, sweeping, dusting and caring for little ones. How much harder the tasks when some derangement of the system causes headaches, backaches, bearing-down pains and nervousness. Every such woman should profit by Mrs. Liering's experience. Remember this, for over forty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been restoring health.

BETTER DEAD

Life is a burden when the body is racked with pain. Everything worries and the victim becomes despondent and downhearted. To bring back the sunshine take

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The National Remedy of Holland for over 200 years; it is an enemy of all pains resulting from kidney, liver and uric acid troubles. All druggists, three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COLD—USE
CASCARA QUININE
W. H. HILL COMPANY, DETROIT

There Was No Reply.
Robert Perry, age six, is the son of Paul Perry, of Greensburg. Like all boys of school age, he is of an inquisitive turn of mind, and frequently asks questions of his father which bring only a grunt in reply.
At dinner the other evening Robert was eating steak.
"Papa, what is steak? Where does it come from?"
That was an easy one for papa, and he promptly responded:
"From cows, son."
But he was not prepared for the next one:
"From our two cows, papa?"
—Indianapolis News.

Make Your Own Opportunities.
When you feel the fancied greater opportunities of other fields tugging at your sleeve just hold a short communion with yourself and remember that it's the man and not the line which achieves success. You will then decide that there is nothing better than the work you are doing and that you make your own opportunities by the spirit you put into your task every day of the year.—Selected.

Why guess about it— When you can know about it?

Suppose a guide said—

"This way there's a safe and pleasant road to your destination, with no risks or troubles on the way," and—

"That way there's a road that a good many have stalled on and turned back from, but you may get through."

Which would you take?

Postum is a thoroughly agreeable and satisfying meal-time drink, and you're sure that it's perfectly safe for health. Coffee contains drug qualities which disturb and harm the health of many.

Postum or coffee? Which road?

Why guess when you can know?

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes. Sold by all grocers.

Postum for Health
"There's a Reason"

Cyniel
The principal trouble with matrimony is that you can't marry a girl and still want to sit alone with her in the dark.

DON'T FEAR ASPIRIN IF IT IS GENUINE

Look for Name "Bayer" on Tablets, Then You Need Never Worry.

To get genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" you must look for the safety "Bayer Cross" on each package and on each tablet.

The "Bayer Cross" means true, world-famous Aspirin, prescribed by physicians for over twenty-one years, and proved safe by millions for Colds, Headache, Earache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Neuritis, and for Pain in general. Proper and safe directions are in each unbroken "Bayer" package.—Advertisement.

Spud Murphy's Girl.

Spud Murphy says: "I don't mind that girl of mine bein' stuck on her folks, but I'm darned if I know why she thinks that every time I call it's up to her to bust out the family album."—The Leatherneck.

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP

Allays Irritation, Soothes and Heals Throat and Lung Inflammation.

The almost constant irritation of a cough keeps the delicate mucous membrane of the throat and lungs in a congested condition, which Boschee's Syrup gently and quickly soothes and heals. For this reason it has been a favorite household remedy for colds, coughs, bronchitis and especially for lung troubles in millions of homes all over the world for the last fifty-five years, enabling the patient to obtain a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectation in the morning. You can buy Boschee's Syrup wherever medicines are sold.—Advertisement.

Time Kept by Standard Clocks.
The time of the whole of the United States east of the Rockies is regulated by three standard clocks kept in an underground vault at the naval observatory in Washington. These clocks are wound by electricity, and their beats are transmitted electrically throughout the observatory; the vault is never entered except in cases of emergency.

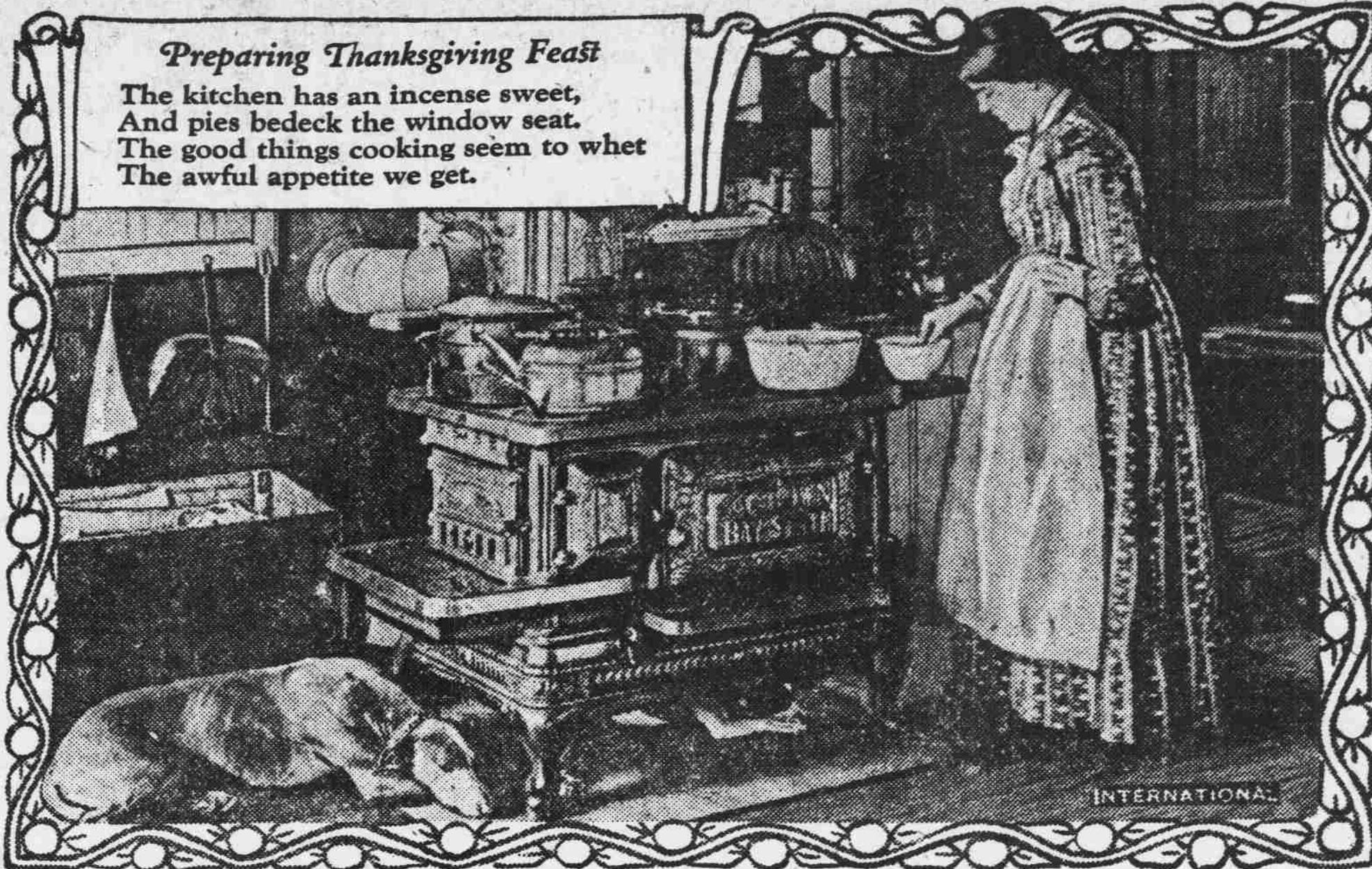
Cuticura for Sore Hands.
Soak hands on retting in the hot suds of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus ointment with tissue paper. This is only one of the things Cuticura will do if Soap, Ointment and Talcum are used for all toilet purposes. Advertisement.

Daily Short Story.
Potiphar Wampoodle had words with his wife at breakfast about the way the eggs were cooked.
"I'm tired of this sort of thing," he declared. "From here I go to the river."
So he did.
He loafed around the river front, kidded the boatmen, and even accepted a little guaranteed hootch.
It was very late when he wended his way homeward.
Then he had words with his wife about some alleged pork chops he found on the supper table.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

First "Weather Man."
An Englishman, Francis Galton, was the first real weather man. Galton was a cousin of Charles Darwin. He was born in England in 1824. Whether he was really able to forecast rain and sunshine with more accuracy than his successors is an open question; but it is certain that he was the first to attempt the charting, on a large scale, of the progress of the elements of weather. The methods devised by him, in modified form, are used to this day.

Preparing Thanksgiving Feast

The kitchen has an incense sweet,
And pies bedeck the window seat.
The good things cooking seem to whet
The awful appetite we get.



Thanksgiving in Verse

The poets of the present and of the past have embodied their gratitude for the blessings of the year in verse. At times the burden of their song has incorporated the time-honored custom by which one day of the year is set apart for the giving of thanks.

Perhaps Thanksgiving recalls to them mother's ingenuity and skill in making pumpkin pies, and so in a quaintly humorous way the poet pays tribute to the pumpkin and the product thereof.

Again the spirit of these November poems embodies a Thanksgiving joy and freedom from sorrow; for health and happiness; for things spiritual and physical.

At any rate, ever since Thanksgiving has been proclaimed a national holiday the poet has found inspiration for his art and by means of his verses has awakened a sympathetic chord in the breasts of many men and women.

Although nearly all of the poems of James Whitcomb Riley contain an essence of this spirit of gratitude with the existing order of things, some of these are specifically devoted to the day itself. Among these the poem entitled "Thanksgiving" is one of the best.

Let us be thankful—not only because
Since last our universal thanks were
We have grown greater in the world's
And fortune's newer smiles surpass the
old—

But thankful for all things that come as
From out the open hand of Providence,
The winter clouds and storms—the summer
calms—
The sleepless dread—the drowse of in-
dolence.

Let us be thankful—thankful for the
prayers
Whose gracious answers were long,
long delayed,
That they might fall upon us unawares,
And bless us, as in greater need we
prayed.

Let us be thankful for the loyal hand
That love held out in welcome to our
own.
When love, and only love, could under-
stand
The need of touches we had never
known.

Let us be thankful for the longing eyes
That gave their secret to us as they
wept,
Yet in return found, with a sweet sur-
prise,
Love's touch upon their lids, and, smil-
ing, slept.

And let us, too, be thankful that the
tears
Of sorrow have not all been drained
away.
That through them still, for all the com-
ing years,
We may look on the dead face of today.

Will Carleton, the New England
poet, strikes the universal note of
thanks in his hymn, part of which
follows:

We thank Thee, Father, for all that is
bright—
The gleam of the day and the stars of
the night;
The flowers of our youth and the fruits
of our prime,
And the blessings that march down the
pathways of time.

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that
is drear—
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the
tear;
For never in blindness and never in vain
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

The spirit of unembittered resignation
at approaching death is expressed in
a poem by Edith M. Thomas on
"A Last Thanksgiving."

When it is time for me to go—
Time of the rose—or falling snow—
Or when new winds wake vernal strife,
This to the world I've cherished so—
"I have been thankful for my life."

When night and shade together flow,
When dawns some scene I not yet know
Let me draw back one fluttering breath.
To say, to all I've loved below,
"I have been thankful—in my death!"

How John Galt the Farm" is a
poem by the Hoosier poet,
which pathos as well as quaint

humor. The son John has gone to the
city to get an education and for the
time being he is taught by the glamour
of city life. But the concluding stanza
in which he tells of his return on
Thanksgiving day shows that the lus-
ter of the city offered him—but a fleet-
ing inducement.

And so the summer faded out, and the
autumn wore away,
And a keener winter never fetched around
Thanksgiving' day!

And as I turned and looked around, some
one riz up and bent
And put his arms round Mother's neck,
and laughed in low content.

"It's me," he says—"your fool boy John—
come back to shake your hand;
Set down with you, and talk with you,
and make you understand
How dearer yet than all the world is this
old home that we
Will spend Thanksgiving' in fer life—jest
Mother, you and me!"

John Greenleaf Whittier wrote of
the pumpkin, and in the poem of that
title he says, in part:

Ah, on Thanksgiving day, when from
East and from West,
From North and from South come the
pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander
sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored;
When the care-worn man seeks his
mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the
girl smiled before;
When the moistens the lips and what bright-
ens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich
pumpkin pie?

The object of Thanksgiving
day is to take us back of the
goods of life to the supreme
good. The tendency is to get
absorbed in things and forget
their spiritual value. Thanks-
giving day reminds us of spir-
itual values.

Then thanks for the present, none
sweeter nor better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a
platter.
Fairer hands never wrought at pastry
more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its bak-
ing than thine;
And the prayer which my mouth is too
full to express
Swells my heart that thy shadow may
never grow less;
That the days of thy lot may be strength-
ened below,
And the fame of thy worth, like the
pumpkin vine, grow
And thy life be as sweet and its last sun-
set sky
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own pump-
kin pie.

The poem, "For an Autumn Festi-
val," by the same author, is of a more
serious and devout nature, as several
of the stanzas will testify.

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems of gold;
Once more with harvest song and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.
Who murmurs at his lot today?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom?
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Beside the bounteous board of home?

And let these altars, wreathed with
flowers
And piled with fruits awake again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain!

One of the simplest and most beau-

tiful of Thanksgiving poems is "We
Thank Thee," by Emerson. It runs:

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;
For song of birds and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear or see,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

For blue of stream and blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

As in most of her poems, a devout
religious spirit pervades Phoebe Cary's
poem on Thanksgiving. It is an ap-
peal to the grown-ups on this day to
make a trip back to their childhood,
and is marked by the felicitous sim-
plicity of the writer:

O men, grown sick with toil and care,
Leave for a while the crowded mart.
O women, sinking with despair,
Weary of limb and faint of heart,
Forget your years today and come
As children back to childhood's home.

Following again the winding rills,
Go to the places where you went
When, climbing up the summer hills,
In their green laps you sat content
And softly leaned your head to rest
On Nature's calm and peaceful breast.

Then the old lady of the poem goes
on to tell that she has just come from
Sarah's, who lives in a sort of a pa-
lace in the city, and has creams and
salads, made by a French cook, that
"cost a fortune." However, things
didn't quite suit her at her niece's,
and an invitation to an old-fashioned
Thanksgiving dinner suits her well.

How I run on. Well, thank you, neigh-
bor; I see you want to go.
I'm comin' to Thanksgiving'; your good
old ways I know;
An' my mouth waters; dear old friend,
There's tears in these dim eyes.
For I shall taste the flavor of mother's
pumpkin pie.

Another poetess, Mrs. Margaret
Sangster, wrote this verse on the
"Thanksgiving' Pumpkin Pies":

So you bid me to Thanksgiving'. Thank
you, neighbor; it is kind
To keep a plain old body like myself so
much in mind.
Here I've been sittin' all alone, and a
mist before my eyes,
A-thinkin', like a simoleon, on mother's
pumpkin pies.

A toast by Ida E. S. Noyes is very
appropriate, since it has Thanksgiving
for a subject.

For every day of life we're living,
Thanksgiving!
For friends assembled 'round the board,
Thanks we're giving.
For every blessing, great and small,
Thanks give we all!

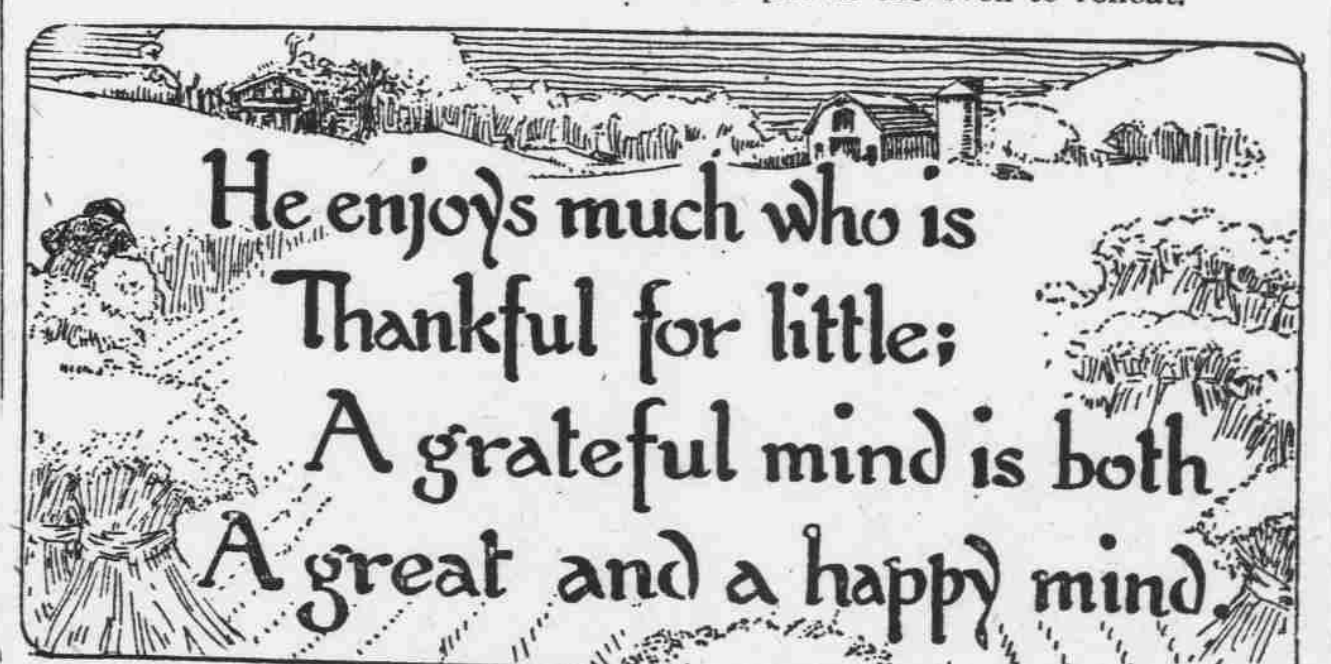
While it was not written especially
in reference to our national feast of
Thanksgiving, Keats' "Ode to Autumn"
is generally considered a poem of the
season. The first stanza runs:

Season of mists and yellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and
bleas
With fruit the vines that round the
thatch-eaves run.
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage
trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel
shells

With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never
cease,
For summer has o'erbrimmed their
clammy cells.

These Go Well With the Turkey.

To caramelize sweet potatoes after
they have been parboiled, slice, dip in
sirup or sprinkle with sugar and
brown in the oven. Or small sections
may be dipped in caramel sirup pre-
pared as for caramel custard by
browning the sugar and adding enough
water to make a thick sirup. Another
way is to bake the sweet potatoes,
mash, season with butter and pack in
their half skins. Then pour a tea-
spoonful of caramel sirup over each
and put in the oven to reheat.



He enjoys much who is
Thankful for little;
A grateful mind is both
A great and a happy mind.

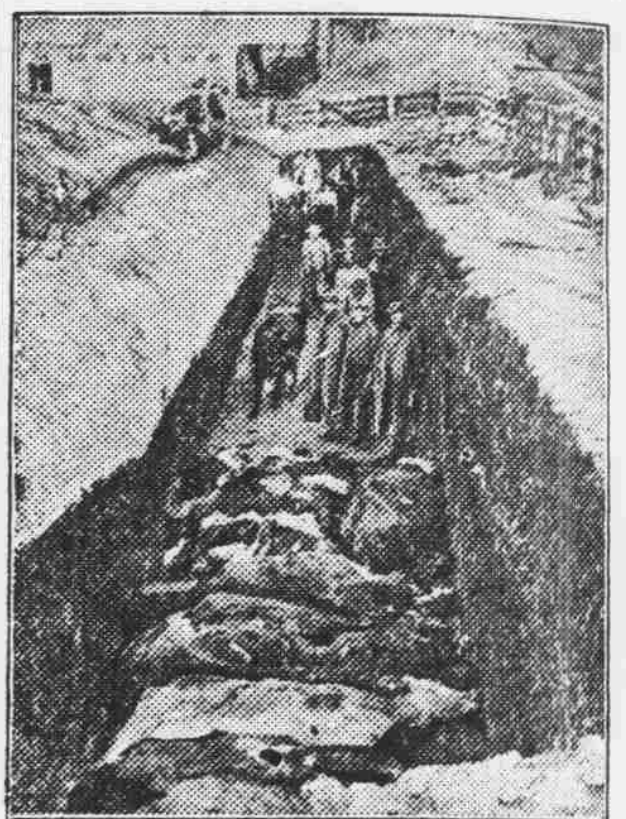
FARM LIVE STOCK

MANY DISEASES ARE COSTLY

Three-Fourths of Ailments Which
Often Ruin Valuable Herd Can
Be Prevented.

(Prepared by the United States Department
of Agriculture.)

Every year the people of the United
States lose over \$200,000,000 directly
(and no one knows how much indirect-
ly) through the diseases of farm ani-
mals. There are five principal causes
of disease and death of animals—con-
tagious diseases, sporadic diseases,
parasitic troubles, accidents, and
neglect. Contagious diseases can be
avoided, or at least their consequences
greatly diminished, if farmers will
learn to co-operate with the United
States Department of Agriculture and
the various state live stock and san-
itary authorities, who are striving to
maintain animal health. Farmers
should report promptly to the nearest
official any suspicion of the presence
of contagious diseases, and they should
observe carefully all regulations in
regard to quarantine, sanitation, and



Some of the Toll of the Outbreak of
the Foot and Mouth Disease.

care of animals, as protection against
contagion.

Parasitic diseases also carry off
large numbers of valuable animals
every year. They are largely the re-
sult of improper housing and neglect.
The average farmer cannot be expect-
ed to have the time and aptitude for
study which will keep him abreast with
the latest developments in feeds and
feeding, animal nutrition and medi-
cines, hygiene, and other important
matters related to the stock raising in-
dustry. He can, however, avail him-
self of the benefit of the studies and
demonstrations of specialists who have
devoted their entire time to these sub-
jects. Every state agricultural col-
lege maintains a corps of specialists
whose publications and services are
available.

The Department of Agriculture is
constantly giving out important in-
formation in books and bulletins which
may be had on request and in every
state the department has representa-
tives combating animal diseases. The
wise breeder is ever on the lookout
to prevent disease instead of waiting
until a cure is necessary.

SPLENDID FEED FOR HOGS

Experiments Have Shown That There
Is Nothing Better Than Rape, to
Produce Results.

Rape has proved most valuable of
spring-sown forage crops for swine at
the Ohio experiment station. It fur-
nishes a palatable, nutritious feed
throughout the season, if not pastured
too closely. In one experiment last-
ing 119 days this crop had a value, as
forage for hogs, of \$77.87 an acre in
replacing concentrates in the ration,
corn being valued at \$1.12 a bushel
and tankage at \$60 a ton. In addition
to this pasture the hogs received a
daily grain ration amounting to 25
per cent of their live weight.

The crop may be seeded from April
to the middle of July, either broad-
casted or drilled solid or in rows 24 to
28 inches apart. Five to eight pounds
of seed are needed to broadcast an
acre, and from two to three pounds if
the rape is to be grown in rows. On
good soil and with early cultivation
the crop is ready to be pastured in six
to ten weeks from planting.

EXAMINE FEET OF HORSES

Their Condition Is a Marked Factor
in the Capacity of the Animals
for Work.

In breeding horses, stress should be
laid on having sound, well-shaped feet
in both mares and stallions, so as
to ensure this desirable quality in their
progeny. Poorly shaped, weak and flat
feet in the parents, or in one of them,
are readily transmitted to the offspring
in the same way as any other bad
quality. Although poor feet are found
in most breeds of horses, they are
more frequent in certain breeds than
in others. This is due largely to
climate influences and the nature of
the soil. It may be broadly stated that
dry, high-lying soil and a compara-
tively dry climate favors the produc-
tion of horses with strong, tough,
sound, well-proportioned and rather
small feet, while horses bred on low-
lying, marshy land and in a damp cli-
mate have soft, spreading and often
flat feet of an inferior quality as re-
gards ability to stand work.